Volume LXV CHICAGO, MARCH 31, 1910 Number 5

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Arbutus

Could I once more see the arbutus growing,
Stir the dead leaves at the foot of the tree,—
Catch the first whiff of the incense that's blowing
Straight from the tiny pink blossoms to me!

To kneel in the mold and the leaves on a morning
When I feel the last touch of the frost in the air,—
Scent and not sight being first to give warning
That arbutus blossoms are hiding just there.

Then with my hands full of fragrance and beauty,
Back to the busy town, back to the mart,
Ready again for life's struggle and duty,—
Ready to take the whole world to my heart!

March, 1910. ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

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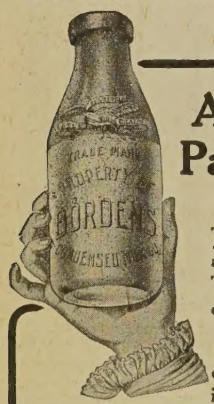

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We publish elsewhere in this issue the first sermon, "Concerning Soil: Plowing," and commend it most highly to our readers.

—From Hoard's Dairyman for January 25, 1910.
Published Weekly at Fort Atkinson, Wis.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXV. THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1910. NUMBER 5.

Democracy is sudden like the sea and grows dark with storms and sweeps away many precious things; but like the sea, it reflects the light of the wide heavens and cleanses the shores of human life.

—Arnold Toynbee.

Whatever one may think of the courtesy or the self-sufficiency of Robert E. Peary, no one can read his story now being published in *Hampton's Magazine* without realizing that his capture of the pole was the result of unlimited, painstaking preparation, coupled with an experience of over twenty years of devotion to a self-assumed task. Unflinching courage, indomitable will, a constitution of iron, a genius for details, a purpose screwed to the sticking point for a quarter of a century,—these are the qualities that won, and they are worthy of honor.

The "Trail of the Beast," as revealed by Judge Lindsey in *Everybody's,* continues to challenge popular interest and amazement. The reader finds himself constantly wondering whether it is not some story of Russian intrigue or of sixteenth century tyranny, but, alas! it is the only too accurate record of the political history of Colorado as manufactured by "the system" of graft and greed. Judge Lindsey has fought and won a battle of wider moment to the life of this nation, to the saving of Young America and the progress of the "square deal" than was fought on any battlefield of the last war.

Another lamentable fire in a business house incinerated twelve or more innocent employes, mostly girls, on an upper floor from which there was no adequate escape provided. The violation of the ordinance was palpable and the neglect traceable, and this is only one case of ten thousand similar violations in the city of Chicago where similar catastrophes might happen. This particular building belonged to one of the most honorable and eminent estates in the city. It was the thrift of the management, the determination to save, or rather to make money on investments that in the last analysis lies at the base of this and similar economies on the part of the property owners, and the pre-occupation of officials with politics and with pulls. The inefficiency of political appointments explains the criminal neglect on the part of the officials.

And now it is eight men killed and wounded by the explosion of a gun on board a United States cruiser in the waters of Manila Bay! More lives than were lost in the luckless victory in the same water, by means of which the United States fell into a "World Power" to the low and vulgar level of brute force, and at the same moment fell from the world leadership as a pacific power, standing for the domination of the future, the domination of ideas and not of gunpowder, of reason and not physical force. And now "Secretary von Battleship" of the Navy wants an eighteen million dollar contrivance that will render obsolete all the other dangerous playthings manufactured in recent years, one that will be in itself the most costly, mad, and dangerous experiment ever contrived in steel. It is safe to say, judged by past experiences of modern battleships, it will be more dangerous to stay at the breech of its cannon than to venture in front of the muzzle end of the same.

This week the Mayors of Rockford, Galesburg and Decatur, the three largest "dry" cities in the State of Illinois, and the Governor of Kansas, the largest and most conspicuous "dry" state of the United States, have been heard in Chicago, making official statement as to "how it works down our way." Unhesitatingly, triumphantly and defiantly they give the "lie" to the much advertised failure on the part of the brewery and distillery interests; but that the laws and ordinances concerning the use of intoxicants are violated in these territories goes without saying, as are the laws against stealing, larceny and forgery,—otherwise the laws would not be necessary. But that there has been a great decrease in drunkenness and the litigation that springs therefrom, a phenomenal reduction of police court expenses, a great abatement of the nuisances that gather around the saloon, and the crimes connected therewith, is asserted in the most confident manner by the highest authority available. "If more liquor is sold in these places than ever before," why should the liquor interests be so anxious to change the conditions? If "anybody can get all the liquor he wants at any time he wants in these dry towns," why should these liquor sellers be so exercised over the "dry" situation?

The Senior Editor returns to his post to find the life at the UNITY office, and the Abraham Lincoln Centre, like that of Nature, in the full Easter tide of hope and activity. But he also comes back to many reminders of the high price at which Easter hopes are secured. Comrades dear and true, and old companions in arms have been falling to the right and to the left, and in the falling off of the husk the new bloom and the fresh life are revealed. During our absence, Comrade John C. Kimball, whose support and co-operation in UNITY has been co-extensive with its life, has fallen. His last word in our columns was the notable contribution to "Unity's Five Feet of Culture," of which our associate, E. P. Powell, speaks none too highly in the present issue. We are glad to make the "Appreciation" of his friend and successor in the Hartford pulpit, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, which we print in another column, our own. While Mr. Sunderland was speaking these words of love and appreciation of his old comrade, the shadows were gathering over his own home. His efficient wife, loyal yoke-fellow and help-meet in his pulpit ministry as well as at the family fireside, has found rest and a well-earned peace after an exceptionally strenuous life. As student, lecturer, teacher, preacher and leader of men and women on lines of religious thought, philosophic inquiry and humanitarian helpfulness, she made herself felt and widely known in the joint ministry with her husband at Ann Arbor, Toronto, Canada, in England, and latterly in the Hartford (Conn.) parish where she fell asleep while still on duty. UNITY joins with the wide circle of friends in extending its sympathy to the bereaved family, that is best expressed in words of appreciation of the large inheritance into which they have been ushered by the benignant ministry of the holy angel that at the close of a long day's faithful work has brought rest and release.

That Chicago, the great metropolis, by a phenomenal petition pushed the "yes" or "no" vote on the saloon question to the front is known wherever newspapers are read. That this petition has been thrown out, and the issue at the polls for this spring avoided by the election board is now known by the newspaper readers of the world. But the reason why the petition has been overruled will not be so well known. The conclusion was reached through a technical interpretation of the law. It was simply found that perhaps one-third of the petitioners in Chicago had changed their residences since the last legal registration of the voters, so that the present residences given on the petition did not represent their present voting places, simply because the registration had not, at the time of signing, been made. It was a technical ruling on the conservative side, without precedent. We are glad that in this case the election board leaned towards the side of the saloons; we are glad the "dry" force did not carry a fruitless appeal to a court that could not act in time to save the vote of the spring election. It was hardly within the reasonable expectation of anybody that at this first venture Chicago should go dry; but it is obvious that the city was hopefully moved, and that a phenomenally large vote would have been cast and the result of it would have been startling to the liquor interests. It has set not only Chicago but all the country thinking. When the proud commercial center, revelling in its multi-millionaires, boastful of its bank accumulations and growing resources, throws up its official hands in holy horror of municipal bankruptcy on account of the loss of its saloon license money, it sets the wise ones at work anew upon the question of who are paying the taxes and who are dodging responsibility. Has it come to this, that a modern municipality has to maintain its activities on the vices and viciousness of the city? Drunkenness is lamentable and the pauperism caused by it is palpable and unquestioned. Must the city sanction these criminals and innnocent sufferers on the score that the revenue is necessary to run the schools and sustain the fire-departments? Chicago has been set thinking—so has the nation. The public mind on this question is not as it was, and never will be again.

Editorial Wanderings

From Shreveport, where the last communication to UNITY left the Editor, my itinerary carried me to Alexandria, Louisiana, where again the host was the Jewish Rabbi, and the wandering theatrical troupe which had clashed, unwittingly, with the lecture at the synagogue courteously postponed the raising of their curtain at the opera house until nine p. m., in order to permit the "Public" to attend the lecture at the pretty new Temple and at the same time take in the commendable "show" that hoped to "attract the best people of the towns they visited."

As this was the last of the six engagements under Jewish auspices in Arkansas and Louisiana, this is the place for certain "reflections." In these places and in most of the prominent centers of the South the Jewish rabbi is the only ministerial representative of unorthodox religion; that is, of religion unrimmed by creed and not conditioned by the acceptance of a "revelation" as authenticated by a supernatural "conversion" to a supernatural "Redeemer."

Reformed Judaism as interpreted by these men is rational religion with a strong historic background; an open faith with large emphasis on worship. The liturgy of the "union prayer book," which, I believe, is generally used, is stately, rational, devout and wholly modern, barring the occasional dropping into the Hebrew, the English equivalent of which is always found on the parallel page, it is such as could be con-

scientiously and acceptably used in the worship of any of the "liberal" churches, with the exception of a certain assumption of the Mosaic origin of the "Law" and the supernatural origin of the same. Compared with the simplicity of most services in the "liberal" churches this ritual would be considered too high church. The prayers and the responsive services are lengthy, the musical part elaborate and generally of a high order. At the Sabbath evening service (Friday night), which we found attended by a much larger proportion of men than the average Sunday morning services of the non-Jewish churches, the devotional services lasted forty minutes or more and an additional forty-minute or more sermon was not resented. In the Sabbath (Saturday) morning services, from which the men were almost wholly absent and the audience consisted of ninety per cent or more of children of average Sunday school age, the "Scroll" is exhibited and read from and the services are even longer. The quiet, reverential and even interested demeanor of the children throughout this long and high service, without any attempt to read them down or adapt them to "childish comprehension" is a fact of large significance to those accustomed to the chopped rag-time and nursery, not to say frivolous character of the exercises provided for the Sunday school and "children's services" of the American Protestant churches which, notwithstanding the attempt to "adapt" them to children's needs, are received with a large amount of restless, irreverent and sometimes noisy indifference. Here is a problem for the pedagogue, the parent and the pastors of modern churches to ponder over.

The rabbis, whose acquaintances I have made during this and previous March visits, are in the main young men of modern training, most of them graduates of the Union College at Cincinnati; many of them are in the habit of taking post-graduate work during their long summer vacations, at the University of Chicago and elsewhere. They are men interested in the sociological interpretation of religion and are looking out upon the world through twentieth century spectacles. They are interpreters to their respective communities of the humanitarian and civic problems of the day. The exigencies as well as, to their minds, the logic of the situation, seem to demand frequent emphasis of the Jewish differentiation. Whether that differentiation be that of race or religion it has a tendency to perpetuate the sense of aloofness, a people apart from their neighbors in some poetic if not theological sense, a "chosen" people to whom Providence has given a special "message" and a peculiar "mission."

It goes without saying that this differentiation accent in the synagogue encounters the active forces of art, education, commerce, politics and the social amenities of the communities in which they live. In the schools, the literary clubs, the exchange, the art galleries, the theater and the opera there is no Jew and no non-Jew. If in the social domain "Society" still has a lingering disposition to exclude the "Jew," it is with a more or less conscious apology to civilization and to religion, and every attempt to establish a "Ghetto" in high life, on the part of the "Christian" is confessedly an un-Christian movement and the shame is to the Christian. When this situation is accepted, either in the pulpits or the pews of the synagogues as final and inevitable, the reproach is transferable from the Christian to the Jew.

However hard it may be to analyze the present situation or to formulate a statement that will be acceptable either to Jew or Christian, the practical fact remains that in most cities, particularly in the South, the Jewish rabbi is necessarily the spokesman of the free mind in religion, the interpreter of undogmatic scholarship, the expounder of the higher criticism, an ex-officio committeeman on the sociological interpretations and applications of religion to civic life and public interest.

By virtue of their plurality, organized efficiency, and cultural and financial backing, the Jewish clergy are the logical leaders in any movement looking towards the co-ordination of the liberal religious forces of the South. The Unitarian and Universalist churches south of the Ohio are few and far between and in the main feeble, but we believe they are quite ready to co-operate in any movement looking towards the recognition, development and expression of progressive views in religion and practical applications of the same. The South is waiting for active work on the lines laid out by the Congress of Religion. Once a year at least the liberal forces, represented by the Jewish rabbis, the Unitarian and Universalist ministry, the untrammeled professors and teachers in the higher institutions of learning, and in the public school service, the workers in the philanthropical and charitable activities and the progressive men in the medical and legal professions, the non-partisan elements that represent the New South in politics and in trade, present ample material for such occasional demonstrations as would tell mightily upon the higher life of the New South, which has accomplished so much since the awful baptism of fire, the lamentable, costly, but purging fires of the war, and which is to accomplish still greater things in the near future.

The times are ripe and we wait with interest for some southern Jewish congregation, led by its minister, to take the initiative in summoning a Congress of Religion to be held in their synagogue at no distant day. If the occasion is well chosen and the skill and energy characteristic of those young rabbis is wisely applied the result can be but gratifying and the success will be followed by many other ventures in the same line. Where is the place for the next Congress

of Religion to be held in the South? Some of our readers will remember the by no means unfruitful experiment in this direction held in Nashville in connection with the Exposition of 1897, with the co-operation of the Jewish friends of that city. UNITY awaits suggestions, and we are sure that the Congress of Religion stands ready to lend its active co-operation in such a venture.

From Alexandria, Louisiana, across the country to Deland, Florida, via New Orleans, is a long, tiresome ride, and from a Jewish synagogue to the lecture halls of a university founded by the Baptist fathers and still managed by a Board in which the Baptist denomination must hold a majority representation is also a sufficient distance to deserve another story, for which the readers of UNITY must wait another week.

J. LL. J.

A Letter to Women

DEAR FRIENDS: I have ventured in a personal way in recent editorials to address the "Saloon Keepers" and the "Working Men" of Chicago concerning the pending agitation of the "Anti-Saloon Movement." Recent events, of which it is not here necessary to speak, have removed for the time being the acute phases of the agitation in Chicago, but the large contention remains. The "Anti-Saloon Movement" may well be considered national; it is no longer in the experimental or sensational stage, nor is it longer to be confined to the rural districts and the smaller towns. It is fast extending its boundaries from the gulf to the lakes and from ocean to ocean. It has already taken possession of many prosperous cities and industrial centers and, if all the indications are not deceptive, the territory gained is to be held and steadily and surely enlarged.

Here if any where woman's interest enters into the civic life. Here if nowhere else woman may well grieve over the fact that she has no vote to cast in behalf of a tempted son, a fallen brother, a debauched husband, or, under the safest conditions, a menaced manhood all about her. Woman in her universally acknowledged and often vaunted "rights" as a home-maker and a home-keeper, here finds herself denied the privilege of being heard and counted at the supreme test of the ballot box.

No one can more deeply regret this unjust denial of power than myself, but this withholding of the suffrage right on the part of the alleged "lords of creation" does not leave you powerless and consequently without grave responsibilities and high opportunities in this contention.

The "last ditch" in which the tippling habit has entrenched itself is that of the "social function." Wine and its more plebian companion, beer, are supposed to be essential counters of good will, gracious attendants upon conviviality, a necessary decoration to a society event. And the absence of the same is supposed to be a reflection upon the hospitality or at least an accent of some kind of Puritanic *un*-sociability. Hence it is that thousands of gentle ladies, representing the refinement of the community, are found toying with the wine glass in the presence of their hosts, or on more Bohemian occasions, tinkling their beer mugs and joking about the same.

Well may such women pray with Robert Burns for the gift

"To see oursel's as ithers see us."

In the light of modern science as well as of social ethics, woman, trying to grace her table and her home with that which she discards in her own practice and in her own home, is simply aping a by-gone age; she is posing in the guise of the mediaeval "ladye" whose banquet logically ended in debauchery. No more essential to a respectable, intelligent, sensible, sober, modern dinner party is the mediaeval fool with cap and bells than are the decanter and the beer bottle.

Sisters, the day is at hand or soon will be when this condescension on the part of women to an outlived appetite and an obsolete or obsolescen tpractice will be considered, as it deserves to be, a vulgar flirtation with vice, a silly dallying with temptation, a laying of snares which may entangle the innocent feet of her own boys and the boys of her neighbors, if not her own sons, husband and brothers, then somebody else's sons, husband and brothers.

But this appeal to women should go much further than to the "favored" and the "safe." Only the uninformed women and the socially hardened can be oblivious to the awful burden which the drink habit foists upon her sister women. Go study the statistics of the working women; follow your washer-woman, your dressmaker or your shop girl, to her home; trace the source of her poverty; analyze the meagerness of the cupboard, the raggedness of the wardrobe, and you will promptly come upon this as one of the fundamental sources of the woman and child problem in the industrial life of today. Not only are these working girls, widows and mothers, driven to the loom, the lathe, the stores and the wash-tub by man's love of drink, but under the same fell inspiration men lie in wait for these victims and in ways known only to those inspired by the degradations of the cup, trap them to disgrace and death. There is an evil designated as the "social evil." Separate that from the "drink evil," and the "social evil," as now understood, as a municipal problem largely ceases to be. Human passions will remain to bless or to curse individuals, but lust as an asset in business, as a commercial commodity, an investment for capital, will

pass away with the passing of drinking, because as a business it will not pay without the drinking accessories.

This is the age of woman's clubs. Woman is in the fore-front of every agitation for the advancement of civilization. It is high time that women in their organized capacity, in their most successful and fashionable organizations, should recommit themselves to this cause, free themselves from the traditional trammels, take hold with twentieth century courage of this movement that seeks to eliminate from modern American life the nasty degrading places, so unfit for them and their children that they are excluded from them by city ordinance.

Sisters, you may not vote yet but you can do immeasurably more than has yet been done by women in the interest of children and the home, morality and the state, by taking the twentieth century stand against that which science, economics, and, at the present time, the municipal experience of a growing number of cities prove to be unnecessary to the joyous, progressive life of men and women, whether they be at their toil or at their amusements. It is as little necessary to promote play as it is to promote work. Alcohol is a poison; its place in the human economy must be determined by the men of science; it is a medicine and not a food, and if it is given only such functions as is decreed for it by the physicians the problem will be solved. The trade in it will cease to be profitable and no lady will care to drug her guests, according to a physician's prescription.

It is unworthy the modern woman to parry with a smile an appeal to conscience or to dismiss with a joke a call of reason or a cry of the helpless. Sisters, take this question seriously; think it over in the privacy of your own chamber; lay it upon the altar of your conscience; consider it as in the presence of the ever living God and the everlasting interests of his children.

Very fraternally yours,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

A HYACINTH

An ugly bulb,
A fireburnt urn,
A scoop of dirt,
And what return?

A sprout of green,
A spike of bloom,
Dainty color
And sweet perfume.

A workman, God—
The Perfect One—
Wrought with his tools
Of soil and sun.

—*Rev. C. N. Pace.*

The greater our love may be, the greater the surface that we expose to majestic sorrow; wherefore none the less does the sage never cease his endeavors to enlarge this beautiful surface.—*Maeterlinck.*

Rev. John C. Kimball: An Appreciation

Preceding his sermon at Unity Church, Hartford, Conn., on March 20, the Rev. J. T. Sunderland spoke as follows regarding Mr. Kimball:

On the 16th of last month the Rev. John C. Kimball, one of the leading preachers and thinkers of the Unitarian body, and for twelve years pastor of this church, died at his home in Greenfield, Mass.

I wish this morning to lay on his new made grave the humble but sincere tribute of my personal regard, and my appreciation of his ability, his moral worth and his large service to the cause of humanity and enlightened religion.

I had known Mr. Kimball for more than thirty years; and the longer I knew him the more I appreciated the breadth, alertness and strength of his mind; the wide range of his knowledge; the freshness and independence of his thought; his love of humanity; his keen sympathy with all who suffer injustice or wrong; his chivalry in taking up the cause of the weak and the unbefriended; his love of progress; his faith in truth—both the free and fearless search for truth, and the honest and fearless utterance of it when found; his delight in science; his love of nature; his fund of fine humor; his superiority as a conversationalist; his superiority as a story-teller; his sincerity and warm-heartedness as a friend; his ability as a teacher, lecturer and preacher, and his sincerity and uprightness as a man.

At the time of his death he was seventy-eight years old. But his mind was seemingly as keen and alert as it had ever been. Within the past three or four years he had given addresses at our conferences and published extended articles in various papers, which had all the freshness and vigor that characterized his utterances twenty years ago.

He was brought up in the orthodox faith, but in very early manhood left it for a faith that seemed to him more reasonable, more true, and more uplifting to humanity. He was educated at Amherst College and the Harvard Divinity School. He was in the army during the civil war, serving as chaplain of a Massachusetts regiment. He had been pastor of churches in Beverly, Mass., and Newport, R. I., before coming to Hartford and after leaving Hartford he had preached for some years in Westford and Sharon, Mass. One year he spent in Ann Arbor, Mich.—the year 1895-6—supplying my own pulpit there while I was traveling in Europe and the Orient. While there his fine intellectual abilities attracted much attention among the students and professors of the University and drew many to hear him. At one time he went to the Pacific Coast for a while, and did some vigorous pioneer work in that region as a mission preacher. He liked such work. Nothing suited him better than breaking new paths.

He was one of the earliest thinkers in this country to accept the doctrine of evolution and to apply it to religion. From the first he was clear-sighted enough to see that evolution would prove the friend of religion, not its enemy; that while it would overthrow much bad theology, it would open the way for a more rational, a more ethical and in every way a better theology; and that it would tend to remove the foundations of religion from the quicksands of miracle, of

book, and of external authority, and establish them on the solid basis of human experience, and of the divine in the human soul. He had published a number of valuable pamphlets on evolution, and at one time he gave an extended series of lectures before the Theological School in Meadville, Pa., on "Evolution in Its Later Aspects, as Related to Religious Thought."

He was deeply interested in social science—in all those studies and all those movements of our time which are aiming at human betterment and the correction of social and industrial evils. So earnest was he in social reform thought and work, that he was sometimes declared to be a socialist. And in one of his sermons preached in Hartford he pleaded so strongly for what he regarded as just and fair treatment to anarchists, that the cry was raised by some that he was himself an anarchist. But he was nothing of the kind. Nobody believed in government more firmly than he; only be wanted just government; which should extend its protection alike to high and low; to rich and poor; to capitalist and laborer; to the American born, and to the honest foreigners on our soil.

He was not even a socialist in the full sense of the word; but he saw, as he believed, certain important aspects of truth in socialism, and he wanted it, and every other honest effort of men to improve society, considered fairly and from every side, so that whatever of truth and good there was in it might appear, and so that whatever of error there was in it might also appear.

He was a friend of peace and an enemy of war; he no more believed in nations keeping themselves armed to the teeth with big navies and big armies than he believed in individual men keeping themselves armed to the teeth with revolvers and bowie knives. He believed that the practice of settling disputes between nations by killing tens and hundreds of thousands of innocent human beings and by destroying vast amounts of property is utterly unnecessary and utterly without justification among civilized peoples.

He believed that the United States ought to give the Filipino people their freedom, and that they are wholly unjustified in holding them as a subject people against their will. He condemned the lynching of negroes, and believed in treating the colored people everywhere according to the principles of the Golden Rule. He belieced in equal rights and equal privileges for men and women. He believed in democracy. He believed in equality of privilege for everybody. He believed in human brotherhood.

His religion was the religion of Jesus. It was love to God and love to man. It found its best expression in the Sermon on the Mount. Its aim was to lift up humanity, and to make this world a heaven.

Mr. Kimball during the last months of his life was an invalid. His last writing for the public press was done in an invalid's chair. But he did not repine. He kept a brave and loving heart. He never lost his interest in the progress of the world. He never ceased to care for his friends. His interest in this church never grew cold. To the end he corresponded with persons in this congregation. And whenever I saw him he inquired eagerly about one and another of his old friends here, who had still warm places in his heart.

He fell asleep peacefully at last, unafraid, trusting the Eternal Love which he believed to be at the heart of the universe, and confident that death is but "a covered way which opens into light."

STUDY TABLE

That Book Shelf

A note from the Managing Editor of UNITY calls for aid while he is taking his annual outing. I had intended to express my dissatisfaction with your number that gave us so many opinions concerning the best book-material. It was a careless summary that we got of some very excellent lists as well as some extremely unsatisfactory lists.

John Kimball's Essay deserves special attention, and it should have been printed as the leading feature of the whole discussion; in fact it was a rather remarkable literary production in these times when literature gets very little attention. College boys do not read the old classics any more, and common folk do not have Josephus or Rasselas or Plutarch on their tables; not even the Bible I imagine, although the Bible as literature should never lose its place.

It is very curious to note the changes that go on in our literary estimates, when Addison does not get a single reference, and I believe there was not one vote for Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Fifty years ago these two productions would have stood at the very front of all such lists as UNITY called for.

I was glad to note that Browning's Saul was grasped by so many authorities and readers. It is the one most complete and inspired work of Browning. The Autobiography of John Stuart Mill is one of the ideal books, and it gets one vote. I am sorry to say that our almost perfect historian Parkman is left behind by Prescott, who was little more than a romancer in literature. Job gets a vote for creating the most magnificent religious Iliad in the world. Read your Bible, for John and Ruth and Matthew—if for nothing else.

Balzac is justly left for the most part to the compost pile of literature. Huxley's Lay Sermons will survive their temporary purpose, and stand forever for the age of protest—the great transition from prejudgment to judgment. The one greatest book ever produced in America, Cope's Origin of the Fittest, does not get one vote; but among the novels that are quoted I find nearly everything of the highest rank that has been produced in the last twenty-five years. Every reader of UNITY appreciates and loves Emerson and Whittier and Lowell and Tennyson. There seems to be a peculiar warmth for Martineau and Theodore Parker and may they very long continue to warm the souls of free thinkers. Parker was our one greatest leader, safe and careful as he was bold. I was glad to note that Wendte did not stand alone in his appreciation of the great German authors. I should like to see a literary discussion of this sort carried on for a long while, allowing critical readers to express their views in column articles.

E. P. POWELL.

THE PULPIT

The Continuous Declaration of Faith

SERMON PREACHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, AUGUST, 1906, BY DR. HIRAM W. THOMAS

But having the same spirit of faith, according to that which is written, I believe, and therefore did I speak, and we also believe, and therefore also we speak.—II. Cor. 4:18.

Words are signs of ideas. Ideas are visions of the mind. Looking within, there is the seeing of the self; turning to the outer, there is the vision of the not-self. Hence, consciousness affirms the self and the other.

These are the two fundamental facts of all knowing, doing and being. They are not reached as the conclusions of reason; there is no way to know that we are, or that the world is; nor is it possible to deny, or even to doubt, these affirmations of our own consciousness. They are facts of primary knowing and as such they have to be accepted.

Ontology and cosmology—being and world—are the tremendous facts from which there is no escape. And all this is intensified by the fact of our own self-consciousness. We know that we are, and know that we know. In this we human beings are exalted above the lower forms of life that probably do not, in a reflective sense, know that they are.

Here, then, are the two fundamental facts of man and his world, of existence and being. They are the unquestionable facts of the realities of the real; and from these we go forth to learn, to do, and become. In essaying such a mighty task, we cannot rest in the simple affirmation of the consciousness of self and other; we must try to learn what these are, and what their relations, meanings and uses; and last what their final cause,—why and how anything is, or can be? And here we soon pass from the sure ground of knowing to the larger field of believing, and of differing, and doubting, and may be of denials. But however far we may go, or however dark and uncertain the way may become, the return to the self is short and easy. The facts of consciousness cannot be doubted; I am, the other is. Hence, universal skepticism is impossible; the realities of the real remain.

We have before us now the two facts of the self and the other. Taken in their entirety, they are all inclusive. There can be nothing beyond. The self may include all the individual selfs or personalities of our world and all worlds; all self-conscious beings; and also the self consciousness of the Infinite, or God. The other, may include all that is below or outside of the higher plane of the self; all the things that are but do not know that they are; this and all worlds, suns and systems: the universe.

And now we have before us the one field, with its two parts, in which we human beings go forth to learn, to do, and to become. There is this one dividing line of study and action; the self, and the other. Or, we may say, the mind or the soul-side of the self; and the material side of the other, or of things.

This line may be accentuated because of the marked differences in the fields and methods of study. On the material side, we go out mainly over the pathway of the senses—sight, hearing, feeling; and by the help of our rational powers, learn the facts and laws of the material world, and utilize them in providing for the needs of our physical existence.

It is a very different process when we try to turn the vision from the outer to the inner; from the study of things to the study of the mind; of that strange power, entity, that we call the self, that has been analyzing substances and weighing worlds, to the study of itself, of its own laws, processes and powers.

And in this study of the self, there is found a something more than reason, more than a rational consciousness in a rational order of things. There is found a moral consciousness in a moral order of the Good. In the material we have to deal with particles and quantities; in the moral, the qualitative comes into view, and comes with the imperative of the ought and the ought not.

Out of the relations of these many individuals there arise the great virtues of the sex relations, and the duties of the home; the virtues of truth and honesty in the associations of business; and the duties of citizens in the state, the high qualities of the personal rights of liberty, of universal justice and reciprocity.

Nor can we stop here. The study of the rational and the moral, of the mind and heart-life of a world, leads on to thoughts of the universal; that moral principles are the same in all worlds. And from such conclusions the mind cannot rest short of some thought of the Infinite, of God; of a life beyond the few years of time; and hence, the great fact of religion appears in our world, and, with this, the related facts of great leaders, teachers, Bibles and churches.

And now, where are we? What is all this wonderful scene of man and his world, and what does it mean? Simply this: it is the self and the other in their manifold powers, possibilities, relations, acting and reacting one upon the other in the age-long process of learning, doing, and becoming.

The initiative is largely in the sensitive and aspiring spontaneity of each of these millions of self-conscious selves. Each body has its incessant needs; each mind its hunger and cry for knowledge; each heart its longings for love. And the vast other of great nature, of earth, and sky, days and nights, seasons and years, is ever bending over and impinging upon body and mind.

In each self are the senses over which the mind can go far beyond the body; and the reason within finds a rational order without, and the moral sense finds the principles and transactional life of the good. And somehow, here are heard and felt the voices and impressions of the Infinite.

Wonderful, immeasurable as is the universe, the transcendently great is on the soul side of the self. It is the self-transcending self; the thought-world that has redeemed the earth from wildness to field and vineyards. Thought has builded homes and cities; has utilized the forces of steam and electricity and the great powers of nature. And it is the higher self of conscience, of right, that is to find its way to the eternal harmonies of the universal liberty, of world justice, and of brotherhood and peace.

And now again, all this has been, and must continue to be a process of self-becoming. The higher consciousness of each age finds expression in the larger views of truth and right in all the fields of learning and doing.

Galileo, Bacon and Bruno gave the world the new

astronomy; a new, and the first real vision of a universe of suns and systems. So wonderful was this that it made wider the ways of thought in all fields. Others had affirmed the old views; these great souls saw the wonders and the order of the heavens and said: "We also believe; and, therefore, we speak." For this Galileo was imprisoned, and Bruno burned; but the truth lives, the stars shine.

In the early tribal ages of war the conquerors became kings and despotic rule was enforced. But the vision of the rights of man as man could not be extinguished; the voices of liberty could not be silenced. The great souls that saw the higher truths of liberty, "believed and therefore spoke"; the revelations of the eighteenth century came; the colonies of America have become a mighty republic of the free; the French republic is now a fact; and the principles of democracy are coming into the foreground in all lands.

And so, the inspiration, the moving power, as ever, is from the self or soul side of being. Seeing the larger truths and believing, the great souls have spoken. It is the vital present; the forward, not the backward looking.

It remains now to carry such thoughts as these into the field of religion. And here, let us gladly say, that in substance, certain great truths are settled, accepted as facts in the world of religious thought. The oneness of the Infinite; the fact of a moral order of the good, and the validity and binding obligations of ethi- and principles that religion has to do; and it is in these debate.

It is with the interpretation and application of truths and principles that religion has to do; and it is in these that is found the need of a continuous Declaration of Faith. And saying this is simply to find the fact and place of religion, not as a something by itself and apart from everything else in the life of a world; but to make religion a part of that life, and, thoughtfully considered, the largest, the crowning part. Philosophically stated, religion gives meaning, final cause, to life. All the work, the study, the turmoil, of a sense of existence, is not an end in itself; for it deals with the perishing; but it is the means to an end. That end is character; qualities of being attained through the transactional righteousness of thinking and doing.

And whilst certain facts, truths and principles are accepted as basic finalities, and as such pass along from one generation to another; the understanding or interpretation is in a continuous process of larger becoming.

The long ages that saw the sun and the stars from the geo-centric standpoint, had no conception of the almost unthinkable vastness of the universe upon which the eyes of the present look and wonder.

And naturally, this new vision affected the old conception of the idea of God. Luther, Calvin and Wesley feared the effect of the new astronomy upon belief in the existence of God. And very naturally, the Theistic problem is calling for the new conception of the immanency of the Divine. The Continuous Declaration of Faith sees God in his worlds,—in the laws and the order of great nature and not outside; sees nature as the expansion of the Infinite reason and power. And this again affects the old doctrine of the miraculous foundations of faith. The larger and surer faith of the present is coming to rest upon the Divine order of the natural, an order in which the supernal, the higher powers of the realms of the spiritual, are just as natural upon their plane as are the lower laws or forces of the material. Separable in thought-analysis, they are the two sides of a whole; the universe; the *one turning*. And we have to think of the Infinite as in all; if anything could be without God, why not everything? We are ourselves self-conscious personalities. We are not the source of ourselves; hence, to us the Father of all is personal, is Infinite personality.

Not loss of faith; not less, but the ever-enlarging visions and realities that call for the continuous declarations of faith.

But over against this is the theory of the infallibility of the thinking of the past. Jerusalem, the natural center of early Christianity, had fallen; Rome, the political center, assumed the right to lead and asserted the authority of her bishops.

In the second century arose the Gnostic and Manichean teachings; the first, a form of mystical idealism that denied the reality of the material body of the Christ; the second, a form of revival protest. Instead of controverting these theories, the bishops of Rome formulated the articles or creeds of the early church, affirming what Christians must believe; the Apostles' Creed and, in 325, the Nicene at the general council; and in the fifth century the Athanasian Creed, making belief in this essential to salvation, and bringing in the doctrine of endless punishment, original sin, and substitutional atonement. There was protest from the churches in other cities; but the Empire fell, the dark ages came, and the Church of Rome, asserting apostolic succession and infallibility, and the right of temporal, as well as spiritual, sovereignty, went forward in power; and, indeed, was the conserving power of those troubled centuries of disorganized civil authority.

The Reformation of the sixteenth century was a protest; not against the essential doctrines of the Catholic Church, for orthodox Protestantism and Romanism are substantially one in these, but a protest against forms and abuses of power, and the rights of personal reason and conscience in religion.

And this brings us to the vital question of the present. At bottom, it is this: Shall we have authority for truth, or shall truth be its own authority? Those who believe in authority for truth would make the teachings of the past binding upon the present; those who believe that truth is its own, and the only authority, would trust all to the growing rational and moral consciousness of mankind.

It is a strange fact that it is only in religion that authority for truth is claimed: in everything else, truth is its own authority. In history, philosophy, theories of government and sociology, and all the natural sciences, every question is open for the continuous declarations of faith; errors are gladly confessed and corrected, and larger views welcomed. Only in religion is compulsion attempted; and in the larger life of civil liberty, the power of the church to punish heretics has passed away. Once, the church convicted and the State executed. Now, three hundred years from the day Bruno was burned in Rome, and on the spot where stood the stake, a monument was dedicated to his memory.

This claim for authority for truth rests upon the assumption of a miraculously-attested truth of God,

committed to, and interpreted by, an infallible church. Those who make truth its own authority, accept the facts of inspiration, revelation, the higher natural; that God has spoken to man through illumined souls in all ages and religions; "spoken to holy men of old," and in later days and larger sense, "spoken through his Son." But in all this, they see not the miraculous as breaking in upon the Divine order but the progressive becoming of the rational and moral consciousness of a world. Revelation is continuous, and truth finds its verification, not in the miraculous, but the orderly; and the highest certitude is in the consciousness of each soul.

Those who demand and assert authority for truth, claim that the risk, the danger, is too great to trust all to the reason and consciousness of mankind. Royalty and Ecclesiasticism have ruled so long that they are afraid to trust the people; afraid of what they call "a free government, and free religion." But only the wildest anarchy wants the impossible. Government must have effective authority; religion obligates, binds; there is, can be, no such thing as a "free government," or a "free religion." But there can be, and thank God, will more and more be, a government and a religion of the free. These are the great birth-years of world-democracy. In all lands is shaping the continuous "Declaration of Independence" that will protect the people against the oppressive power of the mighty trusts and corporations, and add to the "inalienable rights of man," the rights of the millions to the natural resources of the earth.

Our world must rest at last upon sure foundations of truth—of that which is; upon the eternal principles of justice, of right, and the great law and life of love; of goodness in glad action. And that is to be and live the Christ-life; and in being, to know the Christ; to know God. The greater faith of the future will be, not less, but more rational; the vision will be larger, and the unreasonable will find less place under the claims of authority. Resting in the rational order of the universe and a reasonable religion, reason will confess its limitations, its inability to comprehend the heights and depths of the Infinite. More and more faith will be the simple trust of the heart of the child in the Father in heaven, and religion will be the great glad life of love, the joy of doing good, and the hope of the ever-becoming forever.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Meadville Letter

Theodore Parker in an impatient moment spoke of theological schools as tending to make a man into a mummy in three years. In Meadville, he added, they do it in less time. Parker certainly did not succumb to the process, and, unfortunately, he never knew Meadville, or he would have revised his judgment. Tradition assures us that Meadville has always been full of vitality and what the fashionable philosophy now calls evolutionary *elan*. In these latter days the school not only has a vigorous staff of alert teachers and a delightful company of ambitious students, but also the repeated stimulus of visiting lectures. Clergymen are often with us to repeat the summons to work in spiritual harvest fields. Ballou lectures of many kinds make the social problem in all its phases an insistent theme, and the lectures on the History of Religion, under the auspices of a committee of scholars representing contributing institutions, furnish a special intellectual feast. Very notable men, European and American, have brought their wealth of special learning to us. Their visits have come to be looked forward to with keen interest by the members of the faculty, and the students have had great pleasure in the comradeship which these eminent men have given them in the close relationship of our common life. It has been feared that the finances of the school will not allow the continuance of these lectures, but the very mention of such a calamitous possibility should call forth some provision for the future.

During the present month the lectures in this course were given by Professor Morris Jastrow, Jr., of the University of Pennsylvania, on the Religion of Babylonia and Assyria. Dr. Jastrow's wealth of solid learning, thoroughly organized and told in effective utterance both terse and fluent, has been to us all a fine experience. It is rare, indeed, that a lecturer can convey so much substance of erudition with so much animation and interest and in such broad and illuminating perspectives. The appearance of this treatment in book form is one of the pleasures awaiting a larger circle.

Among the many privileges of the year have been lectures by Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, Dr. Stanton Coit of London, and Edwin D. Mead. We are still expecting profitable counsel from President Faunce of Brown University and from Rev. J. N. Pardee of Bolton, Massachusetts, who will deal with the important subject of the ministry of the country church. We look forward also to lectures commemorative of Theodore Parker by Rev. R. W. Boynton, who has also recently contributed to the intellectual life of our school community.

F. A. C.

Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a burden to bear,
There's a grief to share,
There's a heart that breaks 'neath a load of care—
But fare ye forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a battle to fight,
There's a wrong to right,
There's a God who blesses the good with might—
So fare ye forth with a song. —*Anon.*

The conductor of a certain band, which was rehearsing a piece, stopped the music abruptly and frowned at a stout fellow who was putting all the other musicians out. "I say, Hermann," he demanded, "what do you mean by playing a lot of half-notes where there should be whole notes?"

Hermann lowered his instrument. "Vell," he said, "I make explanations by you. You cut down my wages to half-price, don't you?"

The conductor stared in amazement. He had done so, but—

"Und I gontinues to make der notes mit my instrument, but dey vill be half-notes until der vages is put back to whole brice. Dat is fair, ain't it?"—*Tid Bits.*

It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth. —*Bacon.*

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring.
MON.—For good thoughts, though God accept them, yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act.
TUES.—Ask counsel of both times—of the ancient time what is best, and of the latter time what is fittest.
WED.—If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them.
THURS.—It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.
FRI.—God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it.
SAT.—Certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature.

—*Lord Bacon.*

THE WEEK

The whole round week is parcelled off,
And each day has its sign:
There's washing-day and ironing-day,
And bake-day, rain or shine.

There's scrubbing-day and sweeping-day,
And Sunday for the collection-penny,
Then washing-day again, and so
There's not one day too many.

How very nice it would have been,
O mother dear, for you,
To have some extra days put in
With nothing much to do.

If there were ten days in the week,
You would have three for playing,
Six days for work and still the seventh
For preaching and for praying.

—*Florence Wilkinson in Kings and Queens.*

The Redstarts' Honeymoon

Mr. and Mrs. Redstart had built a home at Heilbronn, Germany. They had woven the straws and grasses in, one by one. They were proud and happy when at last the little nest was done.

Mrs. Redstart had just sat down on the nest to see how she liked it when—what do you suppose nappened? The nest began to move. The ledge near by on which Mr. Redstart was sitting began to move, too. In fact, the whole little building in which they thought they were so safe was hurrying down hill as if it would never stop.

Mrs. Redstart lifted her wings and cried in fright: "What has happened? What shall we do?"

"Don't be afraid," chirped Mr. Redstart. "The nest stays in place, and I am near you. We shall soon know what it is that is carrying us off."

But the birds and their nest kept moving, past fields and houses and flower beds. At last Mr. Redstart sang out in a cheerful voice: "Why, Mrs. Redstart, some one has made a great surprise for us. This is a railway car, the one they call the milk train, and we are on our honeymoon, nest and all!"

Mrs. Redstart twittered, "You were right, my dear. There was nothing to be afraid of after all. This motion is really delightful. It is almost as good as being on the wing."

By and by the car stopped. "This is what I was waiting for," said Mr. Redstart. "I will fly out now and get something to eat. I am really quite hungry, and you must be, too."

Out he went, and was soon in again with a fat kernel of corn. Then the train started. But Mr. Redstart had had enough of railway travel for a while. He was glad to try his wings, and darted off again. Mrs. Redstart fluttered and cried, and Mr. Redstart came flying in at the open door, just to show her how easily he could do it.

The Redstarts' life seemed likely to be one long honeymoon, and they made up their minds to enjoy it.

At one place the train stopped two hours. Here Mr. Redstart always brought in a good dinner to his mate. Sometimes he teased her by staying away until the train started. Then he would come flying after.

But one day he stayed too long. When he came back to the station, the train was gone, and even the smoke was out of sight. He flew along the track as fast as he could go. Ah, there was the smoke of the engine, going through the woods. He must catch it. The train stopped, and in a minute Mr. Redstart fell, almost out of breath, on the car floor.

Mrs. Redstart had been frightened and vexed, but, when she saw how tired and sorry Mr. Redstart was, she twittered her softest notes and only said she was so glad he was back safe.

Now when the milk train makes its two hours' stop each day Mr. Redstart goes out for dinner. What the trainmen wonder is, how he manages to get back each time just one minute before the train starts.—*The Little Chronicle.*

Parrots

The State of Iowa, among many remarkable things, boasts a very remarkable parrot, about whose story there is something quite romantic and mysterious. A farmer in the southern part of the State was once driving through a lonely wood, when he heard a strange, shrill voice calling "Stop! stop! Hold up! hold up!" So imperative was the command that the farmer checked his horses, looked eagerly around, and then above him, as the voice seemed to come from over his head. For some moments he saw nothing; then, far up in a tall oak that overhung the road, he perceived a large green parrot, which was rapidly letting itself down from branch to branch, keeping up its shrill cry of "Stop! stop! Hold up! hold up!" At last the bird dropped from the lowest limb to the shoulder of the farmer and nestled up against his face, with the immemorial parrot-plaint of "Poor Poll! Polly wants a cracker!"

The farmer, though almost afraid of the queer bird so strangely encountered, assured her of protection and carried her home, where she was well fed and kindly cared for in every way, and where she has ever since remained an admired member of the family circle.

A parrot owned by a good woman in New England not only resembles her mistress in conversational powers, but in social feeling. She is very fond of company, and, whenever a neighbor calls, will greet the visitor with great cordiality, bustling up and down her cage, and calling out right cheerily: "How de do? Take a chair! Glad to see you!"—*Exchange.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES

A SWISS PREACHER ON THE BIBLE.—The Christian Socialists of this country issued something over a year ago, an American translation of one of the notable books by Herman Cutter, the fearlessly outspoken pastor of the New Minster in Zurich, Switzerland. A copy of this work, They Must: or God and the Social Democracy: a Frank Word to Christian Men and Women, has just recently come into my hands. Quite apart from its discussion of the German Socialist organizations involved, which may or may not interest the American reader, the book contains many passages that must come home with searching power to such as desire to truly live the Christ life. Such are these paragraphs concerning the Bible.

"The Bible is not understood because its great simplicity is not understood. Men think that they are bound to hunt everywhere for hidden meanings in it and to bring them to the light, while they constantly overlook its simple purpose. These hidden meanings are really in the imagination of the reader and not in the simple truth of the Bible. And yet that simple truth of the Bible lies so close at hand that all eyes may see it. Wherein does it lie? Simply in this, that the Bible says, 'God lives.' Is that then so ordinary, so self-evident a thing? Yes, so ordinary that nobody has yet grasped it: so self-evident that great and small alike have stumbled over it as over a heavy stone in the way. The Bible and we start from opposite points. We, in our efforts, our morality, our religion, move laboriously toward God; the Bible starts with God. We set God at the end of a more or less complicated thought process; the Bible unfolds its ideas from his existence. For us there are all sorts of realities besides God, often very unlovely ones; for the Bible there is only one reality that matters—God. We are uncertain, changing, vacillating between trust and doubt. The Bible knows only of trust, of that which abides and is because it is. The Bible is diametrically opposed to our Christianity. Where it says Yes, we say No; and where it denies, we cringe and whisper Yes.

"A stupendous fact! Let us come nearer to its meaning.

"Considering the New Testament only, we find that every page reveals this contrast between then and now: That which Christianity has said and done is not to be reconciled with what Jesus said and did. 'He spoke with authority and not as the scribes?' The people were astounded at his teaching. His greatness did not consist in the fact that he added a new attainment, even the most wonderful, to what others had done before him. He did not develop or complete; he set an entirely new view of life over against the old.

"Men have lingered too long over his casual words and imparted a dogmatic meaning to them; the old error of human thought 'making systems out of words' has been especially baneful here. We should not tarry over his single utterances; but should first of all seek to grasp his personality in its wholeness. His sayings on particular occasions are as often determined by the casual environment as by the main intent of his spirit, and may, therefore, be neither new nor striking. If we wish to know what he really was we must take such words as 'I do not mine own works but the works of the Father who sent me.' Or again the first words of his ministry: 'The Kingdom of God is at hand.' In such sayings as these lies the interpretation of all the rest. Jesus did not lay down any religious or ethical postulate as the ground-thought of his mission. He simply maintained that what he did was the work of the Father, and that he and the Father were one. What we have in the person Jesus before our eyes is the experiencing of the Father.

"This experience appears to us so simple and self-evident only because we are no longer able to imagine it, to say nothing of appropriating it. We have buried that truth under the dogmas, ceremonies, and creeds of the cumulative centuries. So even in our most earnest moments of piety we are doing our own works and not the works of God. Our very religion hinders us from seeing that there is a living God. Our religion furnishes us with the material for a complicated system of opinions, called belief, but we have lost all comprehension of the endles life that springs from religion. In a word, the deep-seated difference between us and Jesus lies in the simple fact that he had God and we have not. And all the minor details of contrast between us and Jesus, and which the opponents of Christianity can so readily enumerate, have their cause here. With Jesus was the living God; with us is only the idea of a God."

M. E. H.

CONFERENCE OF CHURCH WORKERS IN STATE UNIVERSITIES

The third sesion of this conference was held at Madison, Wis., on Feb. 15 to 17. In comparison with the little gathering at the first meeting in Ann Arbor two years ago the attendance was quite impressive, some forty-five delegates in all being present representing the several denominations which undertake work in connection with the student bodies at the universities of the middle West. Delegates were present from North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, West Virginia, and Michigan, and reports from several other state institutions were read. The liberal spirit of this interdenominational gathering was conspicuous. Here and there denominational ambitions or rivalries cropped out, occasionally an old-fashioned evangelical plea was made, once or twice the religious dangers to be encountered at the state universities were referred to, but in general the attitude was progressive and constructive. The fact that Unitarian representatives took part freely and that one of them was elected vice-president for next year is an interesting indication of the spread of liberal thought in university forms.

To those unfamiliar with the conditions it would be a surprise to learn of the great activity at college centers in bringing religious influences to bear upon the student body. Many denominations have awakened to the fact that the college forms are the most effective places in which to exert their strongest influences upon the young life of the nation, and they are building guild-houses, establishing lectureships, installing university pastors to look after their young men and maidens. No one who is at all acquainted with conditions

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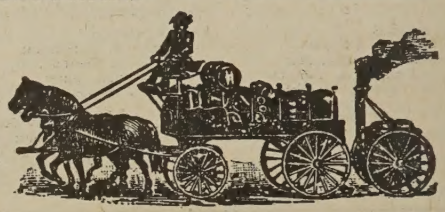

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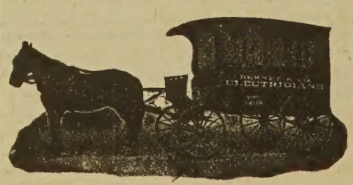

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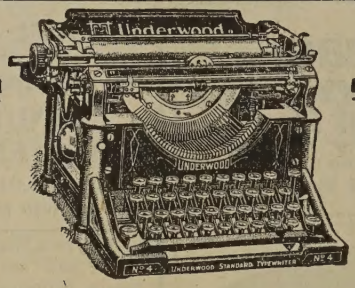

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